

THE
HISTORY
Chronicle OF THE
Prophecy of Babylonish Cabal.
Babylonish Cabal;

O R

The [Intrigues,
Progression,
Opposition,
Defeat, and
Destruction] Of the



Daniel-Catchers;

In a POEM.

By Richard Steere.

Nec Lex est justior illa,
Quam Necis Artifices Arte perire sub... Ovid.

L O N D O N,

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TO THE
Right Honourable
ANTHONY
Earl of Shaftesbury, &c.

My Lord,

THERE is hardly a kind of Persecution more Irresistible than that of Dedications.—No Monarch can defend himself from it, since the Invention of Printing. By this kind of Visit, a Plebeian (whether he Adorns or Disgraces the Pres., tis no matter) can Vault into the view of the Most Exalted Wits, and Most Renowned of Men.

If Custom be any Excuse for such fashionable Presumptions, I hope your Lordship will pardon the Boldness I have taken, to shelter this Product of some Retired hours, under the Protection of your Honourable Name.

Some Sheets of the same nature were not long since presented to your Lordship in Prose, which Allarm'd a Silent Spectators Muse, to Revive that Ingenious Paraphrase in the Mo-

The Epistle Dedicatory.

ern desire of Measure and Cadency; which though unadorn'd with those affected flights of Fancy, those Heaven-daring Metaphors, that (by an Antiphrasis) beautifie the Raptures of the PERPETUAL STATE-POET [the Achitophel-maker;] yet (my Lord) you will find it plain and honest, and expressive of the Sympathy which some of a Lower Orb, bear to the Contriv'd Sufferings of so Illustrious an Innocent as DANIEL was.

But who can Fall when Heaven is the Protector? Or what Machinations can prosper, when countermuin'd by the Divinity? If Men of Meir Wit will needs wantonly Allegorize SACRED HISTORY, and by Misapplied Parallels, throw Affronts upon our Great and Loyal States-Men; then (whether They will, or no,) Men of Loyalty will borrow Scripture-Artillery, and Allegorize it in a sober Attaque, to Batter down the Babels of such Daniel-Catchers.

That your Lordship may Live Long and Happy, to serve your King and Country, in spight of all your Enemies, is the Hearty Prayer of

My Lord,

Your Most Humble and
Most Obedient Servant,

R. S.

THE



T H E
H I S T O R Y
Sham-Plot,
Of the { Defeat, and { Of the
{ Destruction } }
Daniel-Catchers, &c.

Behold how Rich, how Glorious is the Soul,
Whose *Faith* is steadfast, and without controul ?
Faith will the Temples with Great Glory Crown ;
Faith is the Hand which Takes the Blessing down ;
Faith's the Defensive, and Offensive Shield,
Saves the Possessor, Makes th' Opposer yield.
This *Abel*, *Enoch*, *Noah*, in their days
Made th' Infant Earth Illustrious with its Rays.
Abraham was call'd the Father of this Grace,
Isaac and *Jacob* in his steps did trace ;
Moses and *Samuel* have the same pursued,
Who as Bright Stars of the first Magnitude,
Dart down their sever'l Bright Cœlestial Rays
Upon the *Church*, in her more Modern days ;
Who all a Glorious Constellation prove,
Patterns of Piety, of Faith and Love.

Can

Can *Daniel* be forgot? or may he come,
 And with his Fellow-Prophets take a Room,
 Of Princes, and of Prophets, not the Least:
 Whole Soul with this *Eximious* Faith possest,
 To stop the Mouths of Lions, Faith is Crown'd
 Because our *Daniel* Innocent was found.
 His *History* shall be our present Theme,
 And from that *Fountain*, we'll pursue the *Stream*,
 To paraphrase upon the State of things
 What Honours were conferr'd on him by Kings,
 His *Life*, *Imprisonment*, and Sufferings,
 With that strong Faith which did his Soul Advance,
 Working Miraculous Deliverance.

Take but a transient View of him, behoid
 How his own Book doth his own State unfold.
 See how the Spirit hath display'd the Sense
 Of his Original, his Eminence.

He is descended of *Illustrious* Blood,
 His Pedigree was doubtless Great and Good.
 The Seed of *Princes* he appears to be,
 Or some *Prime Branch* of the *Nobility*;
 His Conduct, and his Courage do proclaim
 The Greatness of his uncontrouled Fame;
 For his Great Soul so Manag'd all Affairs,
 As he did Antitype those Characters;
 Nor in the Series of his Lives whole Story,
 Was *Daniel* found to be Derogatory,
 But Ornamental to his Birth and Glory.

And as in *Honour*, so in Beauty he
 Arrives unto an excellent Degree;
 His Graceful Presence, Personage, and Face;
 Perfection viē with his Interior Grace,
 Each representing him Lovely and Rare,
 So fairly good, or else so goodly Fair.

By

By Royal Mandate he's a Chosen one,
 Attaining perfect Education,
 In all the *Chaldean* Learning; he is Taught
 The Mysteries, and Policies of State,
 That he might stand before the *King*, or be
 A Privy Councillor to Monarchy,
 A Pollish Pillar, fixt for the support
 Of Royalty, and Grandeur at the Court.

Yet he *Religiously* avoids Excess,
 And frames his mind to be content with less;
 The *King's* delicious Dainties he denies,
 And all the Fulaes of Court Luxuries;
 For *Pulse* and *Water* ate his only Fare,
 Which to Great Men is an Example Rare.

His Humane parts, with Grace Divine are Crown'd,
 True Wisdom, and Great Knowledge do abound
 In him; for he by God was sanctifi'd
 To be a Prophet, whereby he unty'd
 The knotty and most intricate of Dreams,
 By powerful Influence of Cœlestial Beams,
 Puzzling *Enigma's*, Visions of the Night,
 He their Interpretation brings to Light.
 He fitted was for Publick Government,
 Well qualifi'd for what was Eminent;
 All these concurring fitted him to be
 Trusted with all Affairs of ~~Imperity~~. *Royalty*

The *King* inspects his Wisdom and great Worth,
 His favour then to Honour calls him forth,
 Makes him his Lord LIEUTENANT next the Throne
 Over the Province of Great *Babylon*.

More Honour yet the *King* on him confers,
 Creates him Greatest of his Treasurers;
 And as the *King* shoud say, I cannot see
 One of more Worth in all my Monarchy,

Heaps

Heaps Honour upon Honour, adding more
Over the Magi him Chief Governour.

To make his Royal Favour more complete,
Daniel at Court is fixt Chief Favourite.

And now involv'd in bus'ness for the King,
(Honours and Offices do Troubles bring,

Yet) *Daniel* won't neglect three times a day,
(As he did use) unto his God to pray.

And while his prayers mount the Throne of Grace,
All worldly Cares do to his Thoughts give place;
O happy Prince! more happy in this thing,
Whose Counsellors fear God, obey the King.

Daniel Exalted now to high Renown,
Studies the only Int'rest of the Crown,
He knew his Lord's great Interest woudl be,
To'ave Officers of spotless Loyalty;
Men of an Equal Spirit with his own,
Were persons fittest to attend a Throne.
This Policy of his appears to be
An Act of unexampled Piety:

Next to his Prince his Loyal care extends,
And shews some signal Favour to his Friends,
Great Comf't to the Church in her Exile,
When Nursing Fathers on their Children smile;
At his Requeit 'twas done, th' effects were so,
For Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego,
Over th' Affairs of Babylon were sent,

To manage Grand Affairs of Government.

See the Effects of his Industrious Care,
When such Bravc Men in publick Office are,
Whose publick Spirits for the publick good,
Nebuchadnezzar's Idols have withstood;
To which his Princes, and his Lords of State,
Pay Homage, whilst yet Inconsiderate.

These

These Men alone with Faith and Courage fill'd,
Against their God and Conscience scorn to yield;
They give a check to th'uncontroul'd Decree,
Shewing to God and King Fidelity.

That Impious Law, which like a Torrent flows,
(In honour to their God) they dare oppose:

Though to the Face of Inrag'd Majestie,
Confiding in their God, they dare defy.

The Fulness of a gen'rous Confidence,
In the Great Power of a God Immense,
Lifts their Resigning Souls so much the higher,
Before Idolatry to chuse the fire.

This did the Glorious Miracle Increase,
Honour to God, and to Religion Peace,

Adds Credit here, and future Happiness.

So little disadvantage doth attend
On such, as on their God and Truth depend.
Such as stand fast to what they do profess,
Wrap themselves up in future Happiness;
Such honour their Profession, and their God,
Whose Faith on Kings unjust Commands have trod;
When in the face of Death, the King of Terrors,
By owning God, convince the World of Errors,
With Constancy and Courage such proclaim
Triumphant Conquests of Eternal Fame.
With what Assurance do such Souls convince?
There's none Infallible, no not the Prince,
And he in Capitals may Read at large,
Such Men will certainly their Trust discharge,
And well conclude, in such he may confide,
Who from their God refuse to turn aside.

What Service then did Daniel to the Crown?
By listing such to Places of Renown,

B

Whose

R. 3. 1.
The Life
of Daniel

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Whose Noble Tempers, and Heroick Souls,
 Their Princes Laws, when against God, controule,
 How happy is that Prince, whose Grand Affairs
 Are lodged in such Noble Breasts as theirs.
 Who rather yield their Lives to Death, than be
 Actors of Treason against Sovereignty.

These are no Pimping Sycophants, that win
 Court-Favour, by alluring Kings to sin,
 No, their Brave Minds Debauches will explode,
 And all leud Pleasures that affront their God.
 They'l rather have their Lives before him laid,
 Than yield his Interest should be betray'd,
 Ere they'l dishonour God, or flatter Men,
 Or stifle Conscience, they'l to Fire or Den,
 Which Truth in time makes glorious agen.

Thus Richly cloath'd with Graces, Daniel lives,
 Belov'd of all those State-Superlatives.
 Th'Eternal Being often doth Recite,
 Daniel the Prophet is a Favourite ;
 What greater Honour can on Mortals be,
 Than be Beloved of the Deity ?
 His Prince that Mighty Monarch also loves him,
 For he a holy, prudent States-man proves him,
 In whose high Favour he securely dwells,
 Wisdom and Piety in him excels.

In the whole Series of this Monarch's Reign,
 What Great Esteem his Worthines did gain,
 Nebuchadnezzar's Honour did maintain :

Alas ! what's this ? what sweet Repose can be,
 Within the Arms of Earthly Majesty ?
 When some at Princes Favours do arrive,
 In their Esteem they no where else can live.
 Those warm Embraces of a Prince's Love,
 Chills their Devotion that it cannot move,
 To seek Repose Eternally above.

Not walking in those paths which *Daniel* trod,
 Who thought his greatest Good was nigh his *God*.
 For he consults an Earthly Prince must die,
 Therefore seeks Peace with *Divine Majesty*.

And Piety can no Assurance give,
 He shall secure in Princes Favours Live:
 The least Affront of Royalty destroys
 All hope of comfort in Terrestrial Joys:
 Or if by Death a Monarch be remov'd,
 The next Successor hates the Man he lov'd.
Daniel Divinely may the World convince,
 There's no fixation on an earthly Prince :
 When that Great King *Nebuchadnezzar*'s gone,
Daniel forbears Attendance on the Throne.

But for what cause our Prophet did retire,
 Whether his *God* his Service did require ;
 Or whether *King Belshazzar* disapprov'd
 Whom his Grandfather had in honour lov'd ;
 Or whether Time had Raz'd out the Fame
 Of his Memorials, or obscur'd his Name ;
 Or whether by his distance from the Court,
 The King had lost the Fame of his Report ;
 Or for what other cause to me unknown,
 He seems a perfect stranger to the Throne,
 Until a Hand without an Arm affords
 Strange characters both to the King and Lords ;
 For they carouzing were in fluvious Bowls,
 Till the Almighty's Hand their Mirth controul's,
 Which did with Terrour such Amazement bring
 To this so Potent, but now Trembling King.
 He straightway did to his Magicians send,
 Who instantly on his Commands attend ;
 But all in vain, for Mortals cannot see
 Th' Interpretation of the Heav'n's Decree.

No other Spirit can the thing declare,
 But his, whose Hand did write the Character,
 The Aged Queen to the Young King doth tell,
 Excelling Wisdom doth in Daniel dwell ;
 Send Messengers for him, in him alone
 Is found Divine Interpretation :
 He's come, Belshazzar highly doth adore him,
 Honour and Dignity are laid before him,
 Which of no worth he modestly refuses,
 The King may give his Gifts to other uses.
 Yet will he serve his God and King in this,
 To let the King know what God's meaning is.

No Flattery from Daniel's Lips will flow,
 But the King shall his Fatal Ruine know,
 And who but Daniel dares to tell him so ?

The clear Divine All-seeing Eye beheld,
 That he the Scepter was unfit to wield,
 When in the Heav'ly Ballance he was weigh'd
 He was too light, the Scale turn'd Retrograde.
 And though on Earth he was a Monarch Crown'd,
 Fitter for Tomb than Empire he was found.
 Esau his Birth-right greedily devours,
 So he prophanely drinks an Emperours.
 No Cups so well could please his Impious mind,
 As what for sacred uses were design'd :
 Upbraiding Heaven, daring to defy
 The Infinite All-Ruling Deity ;
 Having forgot the Generation past,
 When's Grandfather with Beasts had his Repast,
 Became a grater Brute in brutish sort,
 Turning into a Boebanake his Court,
 Forgetting he was Mortal, and must dye,
 And pass Account with Divine Majesty ;

No wonder that the God Omnipotent,
 This sudden Summons to *Belsazar* sent ;
 No Variation in this firm Decree ,
 He who is all Immutability ,
 Signs with his Hand the King's Mortality .
 Yet ere he goes to his Eternal Port ,
 He will Exalt Good *Daniel* in his Court ,
 Thereby to Bribe the Heavens to reprieve ,
 And to Revoke the Doom, that he may Live .
Daniel a Friend of God's, he did Esteem ,
 Was Policy to make God Friends with him ;
 Therefore proclaims him, by his Great Command ,
 To be the Third Chief Ruler in his Land .

But then alas ! what sudden Change, how soon
 Low, Earthly Glory is from Mortals gone ?
 Honour and Riches make them Wings, and fly ,
 As Streams do lessen when the Fountain's dry .
 The King that night is summon'd to the dust ,
 Where his prophanè Acts do his Glories Rust .
 The Prophecy's fulfill'd, the King must come
 Unto his Judgment, and Eternal Doom .

When next *Darius* (mounts the Losy Throne,)
 The Mede is now King of Great Babylon .
 Fame to his Ears *Daniel*'s great worth makes known .
 In whom was found so Excellent a Soul ,
 Whose temperate mind his passions could controul .
 The Aged King by his Grave Wisdom knows ,
 This weighty Crown will be too ponderous
 For his Gray Head, his Age consults his Ease ,
 And therefore chuseth sixscore Deputies :
 And over them he constituteth three ,
 The Best Beloved of his Monarchy ,
 To whom all those accountable must be :.

And

And of these Three, although Belov'd all,
Daniel's Commission is for Principal.
 The Prime and Greatest Minister of State,
 And Next Immediate to the *Potentate*.
 His Honours now with Greatest Lustre, we
 May in the *Zenith* of his Glories see,
 Now *Lord High President* of great Renown,
 Over the Counsels that attend the Crown ;
 And o're the Treasures of *Darius State*,
 His Government is next *Immediate*.
 Nor did the *King* his Favours thus bestow,
 Ere he had Reason for his doing so ;
 For his serene and well pois'd Judgment found
 Faith, Prudence, Policy in him abound.
 A Spirit of so Excellent a frame,
 That his deserts laid to his Honours claim.
 But he no sooner Mounted is above,
 In full possession of his Prince's Love ;
 No sooner on the wing of Favour flies,
 To Lofty Honours, vast Transcendencies,
 Though ne're so justly merited, and due,
 Black-Envious-Rankard-Spirits will pursue,
 With eager mindz fill'd with Revengesful hate,
 What may eclipse the Greatness of their State,
 What between them and Honour (though Belov'd
 By their Great Sov'reign) must be now remov'd.
 What, shall an Alien Lord it over me ?
 One of the Children of Captivity ?
 Shall we that are the Natives of the Land,
 In our own Country bend to his Command ?
 Shall he *Monopolize* our Princes Love,
 While we like Clouds below his Glories move ?
 How can you bear your *Princes, Lords & Peers* ?
 Shall *Babel's Honours* be a Foreigners ?

Let us Remove him, he once being gone,
 Then our Acces is nigher to the Throne.
 While many strive for Honour here, how few
 Do the Eternal Crown of Life pursue.

Immortal Honour such a Drug is grown,
 They'll rather satisfie themselves with none ;
 For the same Eye which for the one doth strive,
 Cannot the value of the other give.

Methinks I see their Cabal Counsel croud
 Under the covert of a foory Cloud,
 Shaking their PLOT-CONTRIVING CASE OF BRAINS,
 Taking all dext'rous and laborious pains,
 Gaping for Breath,whilst others lend an Ear,
 And each by turns commences Counsellor.
 This will not do, says one, th'other replies,
 How shall we dress him for Our Sacrifice ?
 Then how they scratch their Heads,& bite their Nails,
 When this, and that, and th'other Counsel fails.

Are his State Ministrations all so Just ?
 Can we not find him vary in his Trust ?
 Let's his Attendants *bribe*, for they may see
 Something Defective in his Family.
 Can it be possible he Err'd not ? or
 May not some words confound the Orator ?
 May we not artificially expound,
 If but a doubtful syllable be found ?
 Drop from his Lip ? what e're th' occasion be,
 Treason is meant against His Majesty.
 Thus with malicious undermining Arts,
 Their consultation at his Honour darts ;
 What shall we do ? is there no hope to bring
 Some guilty Accusation to the King ?
 Can we not find some colourable Story
 Diminutive to Dignity and Glory ?

Can we not dive into his Inmost part ?
 May not some Traitorous Thought lodge in his heart ?
 Which we might square into a Treas'rous sense,
 And publickly produce for Evidence ;
 But is his Soul too, Innocent and clear ?
 And no hope left for an *Endictment* here ?
 Curse of his Faith, his Loyalty, his Trust ;
 Would he were not, unless he were unjust.
 Our Circumspection ought to be our care,
 Which while unguarded, does invite a snare ;
 For with our Greatest Diligence we scarce
 Repel those *Darts* that would our Honours pierce ;
 Great Personages cannot be too wise
 For their Conspiring, Plotting Enemies ;
 Whose greedy Lusts, their Int'rest to advance,
 Dare swear Men *Traitors* by their Countenance.
 But to their Honour, let the World admire,
 They without Evidence could not conspire ;
 Let it remain unto posterity,
 As a Remarque of HEATHEN PIETY,
 These Heathen Conspirators scorn to foul,
 With Base Degen'rare Perjury, the Soul.
 Though their Revenge so fiercely they engage,
 Base Subversion must not help their Rage ;
 They will not Damn their Souls for thole they hate,
 Foul Perjury meer Heathen boggle at.
 Rome doth from Hell such Impious Customs fetch,
 Which conscientious Heathens scorn to teach,
 Such Monstrous Births as these can never come,
 But from that *Hydra Triple Crown of Rome*,
 Who issues Dispensations and Commissions,
 Grants to the Greatest Villanies Permissions,
 Rape, Rebellion, Treason, Fire and Blood,
 Is the Religion of this vipers Brood.

Can EIGHTY EIGHT, th' accursed POWDER-PLOT,
 And STROMBOLONIAN LONDON be forgot?
 So many Living Monuments appear,
 Proves *Rome* more Impious than the *Heathens* were.
 May Heav'ns Dread Anger drive this Torrent home,
 With all their Fry to *Lucifer* or *Rome*.
 And may their *Plots* and *Shams* confounded be,
 Ere they arrive to full Maturity.
 Mean time, *O Lord*, protect the Innocent,
 And all *Rome's* Cursed Black Designs prevent.
 To their Cabal let us Return, and there
 We find our Plotting Politicks despair
 Of the Success, in all they have design'd,
 Nothing defective in him they can finds;
 For his Allegiance to his Prince is such,
 They cannot *Daniel's* Reputation touch.
 And this Despair makes them consult their Wits,
 Since this, nor that, nor th' other project hits.
 It is propos'd, and the Proposal finds
 An universal One and All, their Minds
 Concur, they at Religion will begin,
 To find his holy Duty to be sin;
 For his Exact Obedience to his God
 Must be the Snare, the Trap, the Net, the Rod,
 His dear Devotions, (which though he esteem)
 Must be the Cord by which we'll strangle him.
 Get the Decree but sign'd, (the work is done.)
 Then let him pray, and End what we Begun,
 Pray to the Grave, each Motion of his Breath
 In prayer to his God, he prays to death.
 Say, is't agreed, My Lords? is this the way?
Nemine Contradicente, bears the sway.
 There needs no greater Judgment upon those,
 Whose Consultations do the Heav'ns oppose.

They that 'gainst *God* their close Devices bend,
His Honour is engaged to defend; *HONOR b.*
They who conspire 'gainst Divine Majesty,
In their own *Plots* shall their own Ruine see;
For he that shoots at Piety and Grace,
Hits *God* himself directly in the Face;
That Malice which one single Soul doth wound,
Would, if it could, the Deity confound.

This new Contrivance hits so rarely well,
The humour of it doth so much Excel
All they have done, or thought upon before,
Th'invention they are ready to adore. *I am by the way*
O how they chuckle! how they bless their wits,
For being such Ingenious Counterfeits!
The Rare Intexture of this Plot shuts out
All kind of Room for Jealousie, or Doubt; *and you'll*
It cannot miss, it is so strongly laid,
He must deny his *God*, or he betray'd;
If he be Just to him, his Life is ours,
This Blest Invention makes us Conquerours.
Thus the *Decree*, with general Assent,
Passes the *Peers*, as Votes in *Parliament*,
Who with unanimous Results agree,
And for Assent, Address His Majesty.

They by a *Law* Enact him *God* on Earth,
And who so owns another it is death:
The *God* of Heaven now must be deny'd;
And in his Room the *King* is Deiti'd;
To him each Soul must his Devotions pay;
And to no other *Deity* must pray;
For all Petitions must be spread before him;
They as a *God* for thirty daies adore him,
Allowing *God*, as School-boys for their Plays,
An undivided Month of holy days;

And

And who so dares in thirty daies to pray
 To any other God, his Life shall pay.
 O King Darius, thou art mounted high.
 Who says you're Gods ? when God says you must die.
 Those Tributes due to Cæsar I will pay,
 But who makes man a God doth man betray ?
 Those Honours and Prerogatives, which be
 The proper Rights of Earthly Majesty ;
 I in obedience to my God will bring
 And pay as due unto my Sovereign King.
 But those that Kings Exalt to that degree,
 As they did Herod by their Flattery,
 Are none of Cæsar's friends, for God above
 Now for his Honour is oblig'd to move,
 And with his flaming Darts, and Arrows keen,
 Lets Mortal Kings know that they are but Men.

Thus that Blasphemous Rour, the Papil Tribe,
 My Ink's not black enough for to describe,
 How have they Deifi'd their Idol Pope ?
 (Our Great Lord God) he'd more become a Rope.

Darius ne'r consults from whence might spring
 The Branches of this new promoted thing,
 Blinded with Honour and Ambition, he
 Could not Inspect his Nobles Flattery ;
 The Treacherous Design was hid from him,
 He did it perfect Loyalty Esteem,
 Some Policy of State that might procure
 A Grandeur of his Empire more secure,
 That in his Glory he might brighter shine,
 And therefore doth more easily incline ;
 Especially since he has but of late,
 Mounted the Babylonian Throne of State ;
 Those proffer'd Honours he doth not withstand,
 But the Decree signs with his Royal hand.

This Mortal Monarch, *King of Babylon,*
Justles th'Immortal Being from his Throne;
But his Ambitious, Daring, Rash Design,
Calls from an Angry God, Revenge Divine.

A Rash Result ! such may repent too late,
Who answer first, ere they premeditate ;
To do, and then consider, is it good,
T'answer a question ere 'tis understood ?
Thus I this lensless fancy understand,
It shall be so ; what was't you did demand ?
Men may pretend great Politicks to be,
But such an A&t is far from Policy.

To do, and then to say, what have I done ?
Would I had let this Stratagem alone,
Looks like the Fool describ'd by Solomon.

A wise man's Tongue is in his Heart, for he
Ere he resolves, looks what th'effect will be.
The Plot is laid, *Sagacious Daniel sees*
This an Intrigue laid by his Enemies,
His piercing Judgment soon informs his mind,
That his Destruction's by their Plots design'd,
In that Decree did *Daniel* plainly Read,
His Execution firmly was Decreed.
Yet 'tis below his Generous Soul to move
One step from God, his firm Devotions prove.
How little he doth dread their Stratagem ;
He bids Defiance both to it and them.
He scorns to Live, Death he will rather chuse,
And will his Life before his Duty lose.
Ere he will want Communion with his God,
For thirty daies, he'l pass that Bloody Road
Which they provided for him, their Decree
Must be his way to Immortality :

At the True Ends of Life he cannot have,
 'Tis not worth Living, better chuse the Grave.
 Death is the only way to set him free,
 The Port that lets in to Eternity,
 Where he may commune with his God by prayer ;
 Daniel resolves to serve him here or there.

No sooner had that Royal Hand and Pen
 Sign'd that Insnaring Law, but these Great Men
 Turn all *Informers*, greedy of their prey,
 How to Insnare, Trap, Accuse, Betray
 The *Lord High President*, for he alone
 Their Object is, he sits too nigh the Throne ;
 How do they *sneak* about his house, and creep
 Under the windows, and through crannies peep.
 Methinks I see how covertly they stand,
 Each a *Dark Lanthorn* in his trembling hand,
 Their easie Footsteps, and their watchful Ears,
 With their dumb signs, and silent characters,
 That nothing might impede, but that they may
 Through their own silence hear the Prophet pray.
 O how their hopes do swell, their blood doth rise !
 When they behold the Casement open flies !
 How their hearts leap for Joy, their Souls revive,
 In hope this opportunity will thrive !
 And he Brave Spirit, scorning to Retire,
 Or to obscure the thing which they desire,
 Doth that on purpose to confirm their Ears,
 That they, nor yet their Impious Law he fears :
 But his Devotions to his God will pay,
 And in Despite of their Decree will pray.
 The wings of Faith and Zeal, mount him above
 Fear of Darius hate, or hope of Love,
 Shall Daniel his Beloved God disown ?
 Or wear a Mask on his Religion ?

No, 'tis below the Greatness of his Soul,
 To stain Religion with an act so foul;
 As not to do the thing he does profess,
 He from his Principles will not degress;
 His holy Resolutions bear the sway,
 His God in spight of Mortals he'll obey.

No sooner have their piercing Eyes inspection
 Of the least Motion towards Genuflection;
 When they behold those sacred Joynts to bend,
 How greedily their Eyes his Motions tend,
 How his preparatory Sighs they mind?
 What they have sought, now they expect to find.
 They diligently hearken, not for zeal,
 Their Itching Ears wait but for an Appeal,
 That they might hear his voice, so as to prove
 It was directed to a God above.
 And though the Heavens, (as if the force they felt
 At his pathetical Expressions) melt,
 A different Effect in them it seals,
 Their putrid hearts it hardens or congeals.

Illustrious Prophet, little do we know
 What various Passions in thy mind doth flow;
 Within thy sacred Breasts such thoughts may live,
 Nature 'gainst Grace, Grace against Nature strive.
 Or thou art Extas'd beyond the cares
 Of thy terrestrial, transient, low affairs.
 Surely thy Soul flies upwards to its Rest,
 Sweet Divine Raptures issue from thy Breast,
 Methinks I hear thy heav'nly thoughts express.)

And must I now forsake my God, or pay
 My Life to Man, if I my God obey,
 Must I on such unhappy terms as these
 Forfeit my Life, or God of Life displease?

Shall

Shall the confederating Heathens say,
 Die Daniel, die, or Heav'n disobey?
 Must my Devotions hurl me to the Grave?
 Must Prayer kill, which is a means to save?
 'Tis worse than Death to live one day alone,
 Without Access to the *Cœlestial Throne* ;
 How then shall I with Thirry Daies dispence?
 What's Life, when Means of Life is banish'd hence?
 Must I upon my Lips these Fetter's wear?
 Must my Affections and my Tongue forbear
 To call upon my God? my Hope, my Trust,
 No, let me Die e're I do prove unjust.
 Rather let Beasts a passage tear, and free
 My Captive Soul from i's Captivity;
 That it may to Eternal Mansions fly,
 And take possession of Eternity.
 Now let them Rend me from Darius Love,
 For that their Heav'n is, but mine's above.
 My Body is the King's, at his Command,
 But my dear Soul is in my Maker's hand;
 To the fierce Lions I'll become a prey,
 E're I my God's Commands will disobey.
 The Heathens shall not glory over me,
 Nor yet Rejoyce in my Apostacy.
 Hold, pause a little Daniel, do't not fly
 Upon thy winged Zeal at pitch too high?
 Are all the sweets of Life of no esteem?
 Will not this Daring Act Self-murder seem?
 If thou destroy thy Life, which thou may'st spare?
 Will God incourage a Self-murderer?
 Why wilt thou vainly cast thy self away?
 Is't not sufficient in thy thoughts to pray?
 The Ceremony's but the outward shell,
 Will not Ejaculation do as well?

God is a Spirit, if thy Spirit move,
 He thy Devotion will as well approve ;
 What from thy Soul's most secret Altar flies,
 Will be accepted as a Sacrifice ;
 God the Desires of the Humble meets,
 And sighs to him from contrite hearts, are sweet ;
 Mental Devotion to thy Soul is free,
 Which countermines their dama'd Conspiracy.

Ah ! no, these weak Temptations cannot find
 Admittance to *Appal* his Noble Mind :
Daniel to buy his Life, won't sell his God :
 But in those paths which he before had trod,
 He still will move ; his Soul must still have vent ;
 His Lips must call on the Omnipotent ;
 He with his *Speech* his God still glorifies,
 Though his Destruction in his Duty lies ;
 Though he should swiftly pray himself to Air,
 He will approach his God in vocal prayer ;
 He'll rather to the Lions be a prey,
 Than to neglect his Duty for a day ;
 And while his Enemies do strictly watch,
 He to his God in prayer doth approach ;
 He ne're regards his Crafty *OBSERVATOR*,
 But thus Exalts his Voice to his Creator.

The Prayer.

A Lmighty and Omnipotent Jeboe,
 Thou Glorious and Eternal God above,
 Whose Habitation is Eternal Light,
 My God, in Thee *Alone* is my delight :
 O thou, whose Fulness only doth possess
Immensity, and *Everlastingness*.
 Lord, what is Man, the Son of Man, that thou
 Thy Glorious Ear to such an one dost bow ?
 O how illustrious is thy Grace when we
 Are made the Objects of thy Clemency !

To

To Thee, O Lord, to Thee Alone I bend,
 O let my prayers to thy Throne ascend!
 What is Darius, Lord? whom Men advance;
 Can he as God, command Deliverance :
 Such would invade the Glory of thy Throne,
 Who make their City a Mortal one ;
 A God they do adore, who cannot save
 Either himself, or others from the Grave,
 Pardon, O pardon their blasphemous Deed.
 O let thy Mercies all their Guilt exceed ;
 Though their Design was principally laid,
 My Divine Privileges to invade ;
 They would debar me from Access to Thee,
 They would eclipse that glorious Liberty,
 And draw a Curtain 'twixt my God and me.
 Lord, what is life to me, unless I may
 (Life of my Soul,) the God of Life obey ?
 Open the Door of Grace, O Lord, that I
 May to the Bosom of thy Favour fly ;
 O let me praise thee, let my only Aim
 Be in my day to glorifie thy Name.
 Lord, I am in thy hand, grant me thy pow'r,
 That over Death I may be Conquerer.
 Give me a holy Courage, that I may
 Triumph in Death, ere Heaven disobey ;
 And let my Sacrifice effectual prove,
 To tell the world, God only dwells above.
 Redeem thy Church, —
 — But then O strange surprise,
 With Vulgar Tumults, and exalted cryes.
 The house with loud Allarms is begirt round,
 The horrid Noise his pure Devotions drown'd ;
 The *Conspirators* with a full mouth'd cry,
 Bawl, Treason, Treason, 'gainst His Majesty.

And with a Guard surprise his prostrate Soul,
 Whose thoughts were mounted far above the Pole,
 Bring him away, *Darius* cannot save
 Him, from the paunches of a Living Grave;
 They without *Perjury* could safely swear,
 He to the God of Heaven made his prayer ;
 And now their Plot is to perfection brought,
 They have obtain'd the only thing they sought,
 For in the snare the Innocent is caught.

And now how briskly do they pass to Court !
 Happy is he can give the first Report,
 And to *Darius* Ears Evidence bring,
 Of one that prays to *God*, and not the *King*.
 But with what subtlety do they proceed !
 To make more sure what lately was decreed ;
 They the Transgressor do at first obscure,
 To make the Law stronger, or more secure.
 For they well knew, the *King* so well did love him,
 Nothing could from his *Princely* Favour move him.
 He would dispence *Prerogative*, but he
 Would set his Best Beloved *Daniel* free,
 If he foresaw what they by Craft obscure.
 His Royal Word they once again procure ;
 That who soeर denies what is Decreed,
 The Rav'ning Beasts shall on his Body feed ;
 This once obtain'd, these Politicks proceed :
 One who pretends to Loyalty and Trust,
 Proves to your Sacred Majesty unjust.
 Your Royal Law, which all ought to obey,
 And as a Debt unto your Greatness pay,
 Is disesteem'd, slighted, and countermanded,
 As though, *Dread Lord*, you had it not commanded ;
 One whom to Honour, you have lifted high,
 Scorns to obey your *Sacred Majesty*.

Ungrateful Rebel! Traitor to the Crown,
 Which did Exalt him to so high Renown;
 His high Disdain on your Decree hath trod,
 And will not own *Darius* is a God.
 But prayes to something which to us doth seem
 To be at greater Distances from him:
 For to the *Heav'ns*, and not unto your *Throne*,
 He is Exalted in Devotion.
 This vile pernicious Ill Example may,
 Intice your Subjects in their minds astray,
 After some other *God*, and so deprive
Darius of his Great Prerogative.
 Shall he not Die? shall not the Law proceed?
 Hath not our *God Darius* so Decreed?

I cannot change nor alter my Decree,
 Bring forth the Traitor instantly to me,
 And then produce your Witness; which is he? }

This *Daniel* is the Man, this Captive Slave,
 That dares your Great and Royal Law outbrave.
Daniel, dear *Daniel*, oh, what have I done!
 I Issu'd out my Rash Resolves too soon;
 Ah! you in this have Rent from me a Jem,
 Of equal value with my Diadem.
 My Soul is wounded for this Rash Decree,
 Which puts a Period to all Loyalty;
 For in his Breast such faithfulness did dwell,
 His unexampl'd Love did all excel:
 And must I lose him? must he be Remov'd?
 Shall I be dispossest of what I Lov'd?
 Ah! what Distraction wounds my troubled Breast?
 Of what I most esteem'd, I'm dispossest.
 Who could imagine that your snare was laid
 Against your King, whose Int'rest is betray'd?

In this vile Act, by which is overthrown
 The strongest Pillar that supports my Throne,
 My Glorious State will totter when he's gone.)
 This is so far from Loyalty and Trust,
 As it proclaims you hateful and unjust
 To me, whom you in scorn a God have made,
 By which my only Angel is betray'd.
 What shall I say? you're Enemies of Peace,
 Who hate what is your Sovereigns Happiness;
 For I in him alone was happy made,
 But now too late I find we're both betray'd;
 I was a King, would I had been content,
 Without Invading the Omnipotent.
 But I too late my Errors have survey'd,
 Darius and his Daniel is betray'd.

Unhappy Daniel, thy unhappy State
 Makes Thee an Object both of Love and Hate;
 Thy King his singular Respects doth show,
 The Nobles hate Thee to thy overthrow,
 He, if he could, thy Honours would support.
 But they design to Tear Thee from the Court,
 And with a voice unanimous they cry,
 Deliver Daniel to us, he must Die.
 To satisfie the Law, why was it made?
 If Kings their own Prerogatives Invade.
 The King demurs, unwilling to proceed;
 His hand would cancel what he has Decreed.
 How willing would His Majesty Reprieve,
 Although for once he strain'd Prerogative.

But since their Plot hath had so good success,
 They will again impatiently address;
 Nor will they be deny'd of their Demand,
 The King himself shall not the Law withstand,
 But void of manners sawcily proceed,
 To tell the King the Law he once Decreed,

He cannot change, nay shall not, nor is able,
The *Medes* and *Perſians* Law's unalterable.

And though the King the Kingdom's Laws would null,
We will be satisfied to the full;

Daniel must Die, why doth the *King* contrive
What by that Law is dead, to keep alive?

In vain *Darius* thy protecting hands
Strive to preserve, what thy own Law commands.

To Dire Destruction, thou in Honour must
Doom thy Indeared Favourite to Dust.

The *King* Commands; but O what Inward Care!

What Grief, what Soul-sick Trouble, what Despair
Approach his Royal Breast! he sighs, he grieves,
He weeps and sobs when he the Sentence gives.

Ah Da-Da-*Daniel*, whom I Lo-Lo-Love,
Thy De De-Death must th-th-Thee Remove,
The Se-Se-Sentence I cannot deny,

Dear *Daniel*, thou M-M-M-M-must Die.

And now farewell thou matchless Peer, adieu,
My Brightest Star I never more shall view.

Thou most Illustrious, True and Loyal one;
Thou Greatest Treasure of an Earthly Throne,

Never was *King* so happily possest,

Never was any Mortal *Monarch* Blest

With such a faithful Servant, such a Flow'r,

The only Glory of an *Emperour*.

But thou art mounting to Eternal Joyes,

Beyond the Light, Low, Mean, and Trivial Toyes

Of Earthly Honours, where thou shalt be Blest

In Glorious Mansions of Eternal Rest;

Freely could I dis-robe my self of State,

And leave to be an Earthly Magistrate,

To change my self to Spirit, and to fly

With my Dear *Daniel* to Eternity.

But that I stay behind to sacrifice
 Whole Hecatombs of th' impious Enemies,
 To thy unspotted, uncorrupted mind.
 They my avow'd severe Revenge shall find,
 Destruction as a Recompence I'll pay
 To those who did thy Innocence betray.
 But stay my thoughts, is not that God the same
 Who met his Servants in the furious Flame ?
 My Faith persuades me to a firm belief,
 Thy God will shew his Pow'r, and send Relief,
 And lest thy Enemies the same should fear,
 And so consult to send some Murderer,
 More cruel than the Rav'nous Lions are. {
 I to prevent any such Black Design,
 With my own Signet will the Prison sign ;
 I'll seal thee up to the protecting hand,
 Of thy own God, the God of Sea and Land.
 How stately to the Den doth Daniel move,
 Laden with Trophies of his Prince's Love ?
 Cloath'd with the Graces of his God is he,
 Armed in holy Armour, Cap a Pe.
 He nothing leaves behind him that may seem
 Needful to take to Heav'n along with him.
 Thoughts of Revenge he doth so much desir,
 As he can wish his greatest Enemy
 An equal share in Glory with his own,
 Whose Malice sought his Dire Destruction :
 Those who did causlessly his Life betray,
 For their Eternal Happiness he'l pray.
 How like an Isaac is our Daniel come ?
 Ready to pass from th' Altar to the Tomb ;
 Behold th' unspotted Sacrifice is drest,
 On which the Priestly Lions are to feast,
 But to his wonder and amazement finds,
 Their Savage Nature vary from their kinds ;

What Miracle is here, this fatal Dev,
Presents more Favour than Inrag'd Men.

More Friendship in the *Lions Den* is shewn,
Than in the *Royal Court of Babylon*.

A Glorious Spirit did his Soul invest,
True Righteousness was fixed in his Breast ;
He was begirt with Truth and Innocence :
These were his Arms, or Armour of Defence ;
His Adamantine Shield he held so fast,
As made him *Lion-proof*; they'l rather fast,
Nay starve, than tast, or touch such heav'ly Food,
And Die with Thirst, ere drink his sacred Blood :
Civil instead of savage they appear ;
They crouch, submit, and fill'd with awe and fear,
They tremble e're attempt in Rage t'abuse,
Whom neither *God*, nor yet the *King* accuse.

Thus *Dansel* in his Duty stands before
His *God*, and *God* Demands of him no more;
He yields his Life, his Faith to testifie,
And rather than be false to *God* will Die ;
Whose life the hand of providence protects,
He shall not Die that thus his life neglects,
But he shall freely keep, what freely he
Offer'd to give, it shall Restored be;

The heav'ly Power's ingag'd to set him free.
The Royal *King* in Mourning Robes is drest,
His Thoughts abandon any kind of Feast ;
His Mourning Soul fasts for his Best Belov'd,
Which Envy from him had to Death Remov'd ;
All kind of Mirth is banish'd from the Court,
No Jovial pastimes, no delightful sport,
Can have admittance there; the *King*'s in tears,
Whose Grief creates Remorseness in his Peers ;
No work for Fidlers, Interludes or Playes,
Mourning is hung upon the Poets Bayes.

No Singing, Dancing, no delightful Airs
 Are heard in Courr, but doleful sighs and tears.
 The Harp, the Organ, Flagellet and Flute,
 The Violin, the Dulcimer and Lute
 In silence hang by, in the Musick Room,
 As Rotten Ragged Scutcheons o're a Tomb.
 The King now out of tune, nothing can bear,
 That is Delightful to the Eye or Ear;
 His thoughts present him Daniel's cryes and groans,
 Whilst Lions Roar his Fun'r al o're his Bones.

But Daniel's Musick is to him more sweet,
 While they lyce crouching prostrate at his Feet;
 They so melediously do snore the Song
 Of his Salvation, he can frame his Tongue
 To sing with them, and lift his voice on high,
 In Hallelujahs to the Deity.
 His Joyns at ev'ry snort they breath can move,
 And Dance Coranto's to the God above.

But all this while the King is discontent;
 Alas! he cannot yet behold th' Event
 Of this Dread Tragedy, he thinks at least,
 Daniel's imbowel'd in those Savage Beasts;
 Therefore his Princely Eyes can take no Rest;
 Sleep is a perfect stranger to his Eyes,
 Before their Glances Gastly Daniel lyces;
 And since his Best Beloved Watchman's gone,
 He cannot slumber, but will watch alone.
 Ah! his Dear Daniel sleeps in Death, and shall
 He who did love him, sleep a'ts Funeral?

But all this while Daniel securely lyes,
 Watching amidst his sleeping Enemies,
 And is become as a Life Guard of theirs,
 Who were design'd his Executioners:
 Their Gastly Eyes, and Yawning Mouths are clos'd,
 They sleep secure, the Heav'n's hath them Repos'd.

Mean

Mean time his pure Ejaculations fly ;
His faithful Prayers mount above the Sky.

Behold a Miracle is here exprest,
The Sacrifice doth pray, and not the Priest,
He prays they may not make a Midnight Feast.

No sooner did *Aurora* ope the Day,
Driving the Black and Darksom Clouds away ;
No sooner were the Sable Curtains drawn,
And Dawning Brightness mounts the *Horizon*,
But Great *Darius* Riseth from his Bed,
To visit *Daniel*, if Alive or Dead.
The first approaching Light his steps convey,
A Visit to the *Lions Den* to pay ;
And by his hasty Motion it appears,
He'll satisfie at once his hopes and fears ;
His hope that *Daniel* lives, fills him with Joys,
His fear that he is dead, the same destroys.
Darius's heart is in the *Lions Den*,
And new he moves to meet his heat agen ;
How briskly I behold his Royal Feet,
With nimble motion hurry through the street !
His winged thoughts fly swifter than a Dove,
Yet cann't surpass the motion of his Love.
He values not the Complements of State,
Nor minds if his Retinue on him wait ;
Nor for his Coach or Chariot will he stay,
Lest it should too much of his time delay ;
If he can find his *Daniel* but alive,
'Tis satisfaction in superlative.
Might not *Darius* have a Faith which came
By its Original from *Abraham* ?
Who against hope, firmly in hope believes,
And strongest Faith the most Assurance gives.

What though the Lions Beasts of Rapine are in need
and though by hunger made the eagles
and what though human flesh and blood be sweet,
A novel Dish, and not their usual Meat.

Tis possible that Life from Death may spring,
Sure some such Faith as this possessest the King.
He cryes aloud, his voice the Air doth fill,
Ho ! Daniel, Daniel, art thou living still ?

Hold, hold Daniel, cease thy hollow voice,
Lest thou awake the Lions with the noise of thy barking.
Thy loud Alarms, thy unexpected cryes,
May Rouse the savage Beasts to Sacrifice.
Thy Dearest Daniel, who among them lyes,
If they have fasted all the night from Food,
May they not take their morning draught in blood?
And break their fasts on that delicious meat,
Which they last night set up and could not eat.
Brutes can no Reason give for their Delay,
Their savage Nature is for present prey ;
They cannot trust, but Rain at all that lyes
Within the prospect of their greedy Eyes.
Faith is a stranger to their Ravenous Claws,
Sense only cloys, or tires their greedy Jaws ;
They think not of hereafter, or before,
But gorge their Guts till they can eat no more,
The King well knew, if Daniel mist their Jaws,
Twas Providence, not Project was the cause.
The King's unchangeable Affections prove
The greater Confirmation of his Love ;
His Princely Favours pass beyond the Grave,
His Faith beyond his Sense, what's lost will save.
Through the Impenetrable Stones he calls,
His Soul weapt up in sighs, doth pierce the walls.

And.

And safely doth arrive at Daniel's Eats,
 Whose Joy doth swell, when he his Master heas.
 Daniel, what greater honour can be shew'd
 Was ever Mortal Man so waited on? O
 Was ever Pris'ner, when condemn'd by Fate,
 Attended with such Majesty and State?
 Thy God within, thy King without the Gate,
 Waits in his Person, where he stayest ill he
 The happy Prospect of his Daniel see;
 And to Return Thanks to those savage Beasts,
 For their Accommodations to their Guests,
 For they, contrary to their Nature now,
 To the Beloved of their Master bowed.

Now may you hear this worthy Purchase,
 Express his Soul in Accents passionate & grave.
 O Daniel! servant to the Living God,
 Whose Habitation, Dwelling and Abode is
 Is in-Eternal, Everlasting Light;
 Whose Eyes can penetrate the sable Night,
 Is thy God able by his Pow'r to free,
 From Death, from Bondage, and Captivity,
 Such as depend on his Ability.
 Darius Quoth, yet is far from doubt of all
 His Faith confirms what he is come about,
 For he affirms, thy God will set thee free, yea till
 His Confidence was in the Devil.
 Experience past confirms his Faith the more,
 That God can do, what he has done before;
 He the Effects of Faith doth now embrace,
 For Living Daniel stands before his face,
 Which through the Grates no sooner he espies,
 The sudden Vision doth his Soul surprise,
 As in an Ecstacy of Joy he stands,
 And upwards elevates his Princely hands;

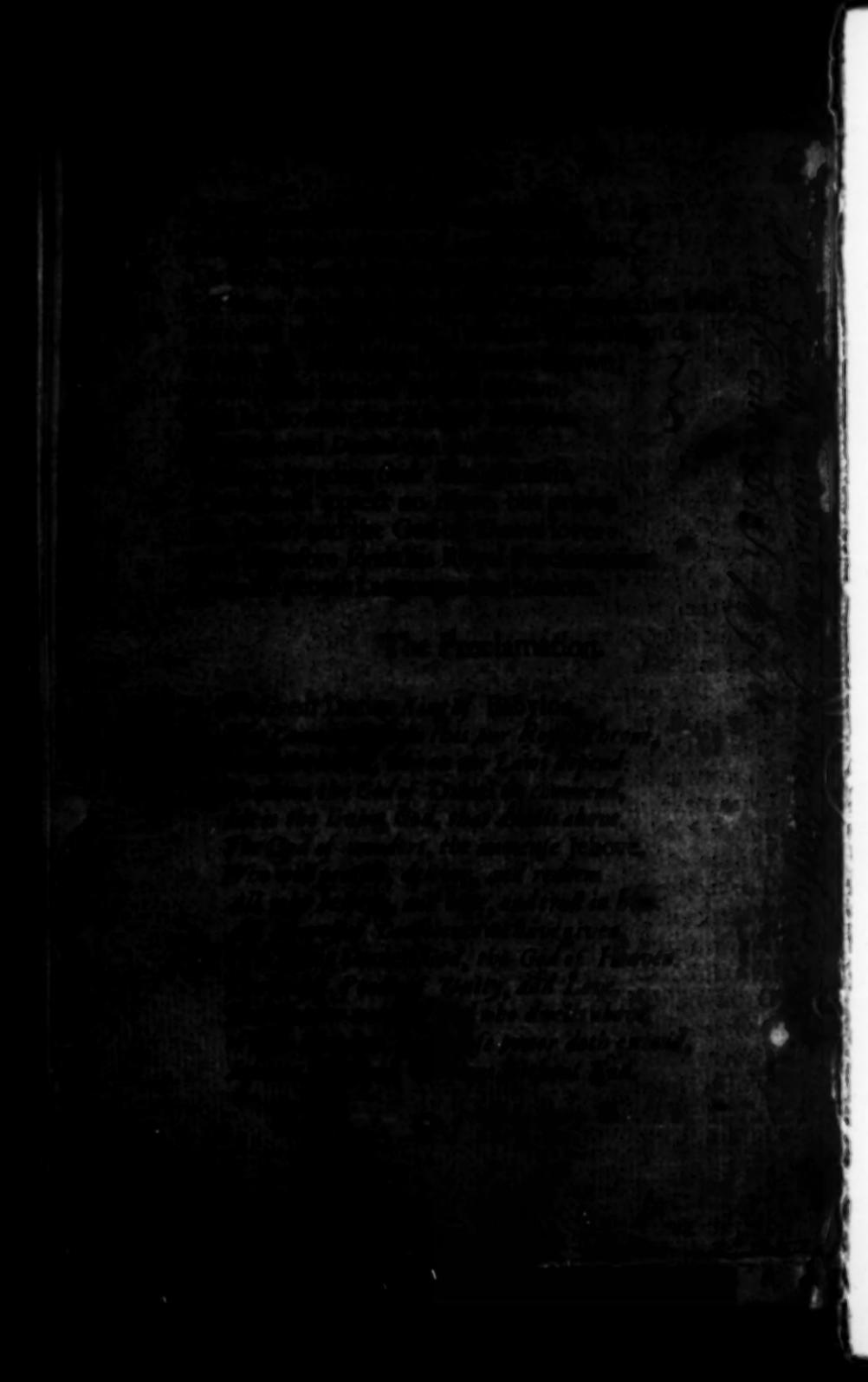
Being struck dumb with admiration, hears
 His Daniels voice approach his Royal Ears,
 In the same stile, in the same Loyal sound,
 O King for ever live, live ever Crown'd
 With the Celestial Diadem of Glory.
 When thou hast perfected thy Earthly Story,
 Praises ascend from me to God above,
 That he the heart of my dread Lord did move,
 Thus to below on me his princely Love.
 From Prayer he to Preaching doth proceed,
 Though from his Chappel yet he is not freed.
 The King stands in the porch and doth not stir,
 But is content to be his Auditor:
 Into two Branches he his stream doth bring,
 Leaving the Application to the King;
 He first the goodness of his God declares,
 Next his own innocency he avers:
 And these two points doth he unite to prove,
 The mighty God doth Innocency love,
 His Duty he from hence doth justify,
 Both to Divine and Earthly Majesty.
 Such cannot be unfaithful to their King,
 Who to their God are just in ev'ry thing;
 Darus ne're was satisfied more,
 In any Sermon he e're heard before;
 The Surly Lyons seem to understand,
 And watch the motion of his Lip and Hand,
 How mute, and how demure they sit and hear,
 As if his voice were musick to the Ear.
 And if his silence so much aw'd their sense,
 How were they charmed with his Eloquence.
 Experience worketh confidence, for he
 Can the Beasts Love, and his own safety see,

Well may he trust whom he hath found his Friends,
 One Mercy on another still depends,
 The same deliv'rance which first set him free,
 Makes him still trust in its security :
 That which the Lyon and the Bear subdue,
 Was the same Faith which the *Pbilistine* slew,
 The *Israelites* on th'other shore that stood,
 Were sureties for such as pass the flood :
 So the same faith, as firmly doth ingage
 Still to preserve, as first to stay the rage
 Of the fierce *Lyons* till the Charm be past,
 Which clearly quits the Innocent, and Chast,
 Which by his faith is justifi'd at last : }
 The Sermon being done, the Seals are tore,
 And open flies the stony Chappel door :
 The Captive issues forth, where soon he spies
 His *Royal Prince* wrapt up in extasies :
 He's Heaven struck with Joy and admiration,
 His Soul is rap't in Divine Contemplation,
 He like a Statue stands, fixt and unmov'd.
 His Royal Eyes gaze on his best belov'd,
 His ravish't thoughts are glutted with excess
 Of Heav'nly Raptures, which he can't express.
 After some pause, ----- deliberately he
 Doth reassume the thoughts of Majesty,
 And thundering forth with terror on his Brow,
 Those dreadful mandates which must follow now :
 Orders for Execution forth are sent,
 In favour of his *Lord High President* :
 Those who have his destruction thus design'd,
 Must the revenge of great *Darius* find :
 Those who his life have plotted to betray,
 Shall their own lives, instead of *Daniels* pay,
 What they would take from him, they down must lay. }

This Day's Deliverance is of high Esteem,
 When Heav'n Beloved Daniel did Redeem ;
 And now the King Resolves to keep a Feast, and set
 In Memory of his Reprieved Guest ;
 But the first Course he to the Lions sends,
 To make their fasting Appetites amends ;
 They could not tast the Dish that first was dress'd,
 Therefore the King supplies 'em with a Feast,
 Varieties of Sexes, choice of Meat,
 'Cause on a single Dish they cannot eat ;
 On which, when serv'd, their eager stomachs feed,
 They have not patience till the Cloth be spread.
 Daniel gave Thanks before, they scorn the fashion,
 But fall on boldly without invitation ;
 They're so impatient, that they cannot stay,
 But meet each Course while in the middle way ;
 Ere the Meat comes to Table they devour,
 And drink Carouzes to the Emperour,
 In the heart's blood of these Men catching Feinds,
 Those vile Trappanery of the King's best friends ;
 The crackling of whose Joyns their Musick is,
 They find no sweeter Melody than this ;
 And having sup't, betake themselves to Rest,
 Well satish'd with this Delicious Feast,
 Till they awake, and Rouse themselves agen,
 To overlook the Fragments in the Den ;
 They ready are for more, if more thereto be
 Found acting Treason gainst his Majesty.
 Thirsting with greedy Appetites for Blood,
 As those Men did, who lately were their food,
 And 'tis but Natural, that the Flesh of those
 Monsters of Nature, whose Design is oppose
 Sovereignty in Mortalitie, and contrive
 New Bell of Subjects to Intomb alive ;

Tis natural I say, that such should be
 Incorporate in *Inhumanity*.
 To savage Nature they degenerate,
 Savage they are, and in that savage slate,
 They justly are condemn'd to savage fate.
 No need of Proces, Summoning, or Juries,
 He who Infallibly both Just and Pure is,
 Sits Judge in Courr, he who alone surveys
 Dark obscure thoughts, untrdden crooked waies
 Of sinful Mortals ; he who sits on high
 Condemns, and who shall dare to justify ?
 'Twas he those Catis to destruction hurl'd,
 And by his Miracle convinc'd the world.

It is a *Maxim Politick* in State,
 And the prime Lesson of a Potentate,
 To fix the *Crown* on his own Temples sure,
 And in his Royal *Throne* to sit secure,
 Therefore at first remov's what may impode
 The Diadems fixation on his head :
 And if Conspiracy hereafter moves
 So losty as to strike at what he loves,
 Then Policy calls Majesty to rouse,
 And his Beloved Subjects Cause espouse :
 For such as venture at his Royal Breast,
 To rend from thence what he doth value best,
 Will the next onset ravenously fly
 To strike the very Heart of *Majesty* ;
 That insolence which dares attempt the one,
 Dares undermine, or overthrow the Throne.
 The Great *Darius* will decree one more,
 But not against the Heavens, as before,
 He will be God no longer, but lay down
 His Divine Title for a mortal one.



3